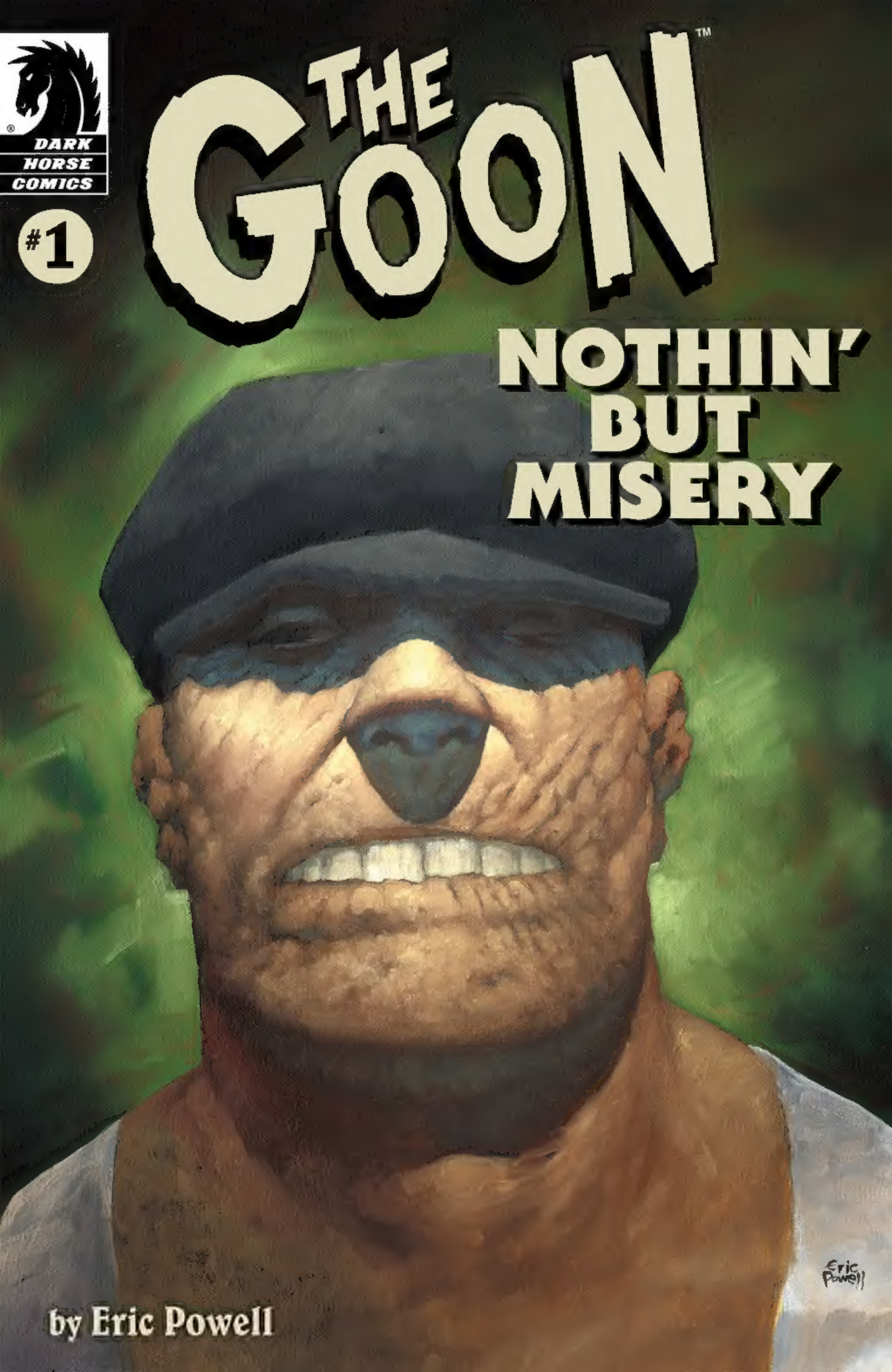
DARK HORSE COMICS
#1
THE GOON™
NOTHIN' BUT MISERY
by Eric Powell
Eric Powell

THE GOON IN NOTHIN' BUT MISERY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
ERIC POWELL

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ERIC and ROBIN POWELL

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THE GOON™: NOTHIN' BUT MISERY

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This volume collects issues #1–#4 of *The Goon* and *The Goon Color Special*, originally published by Albatross Exploding Funny Books, as well as the short story "Die, Fish, Die!" originally published in the final issue of *Dark Horse Presents*. Yes, after setting creative milestones with the likes of Chadwick and Miller, *DHP*, possibly the greatest anthology comic of all time, ran a Goon story by Eric Powell, and was subsequently canceled.

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THE GOON in DIE, FISH, DIE!
BY Eric Powell
WWW.THEGOON.COM
"HOW LONG WILL WE ALLOW GANGLAND HORROR TO TAINT OUR STREETS?
"THE NAMELESS ONE, THE ZOMBIE PRIEST, AND HIS UNDEAD HORDES HAVE MADE A WASTELAND OF EVERYTHING WEST OF LONELY STREET..."
THIS HEAD AIN'T TALKIN'! SPEAK!
MAYBE I SHOULD POKE IT WITH THE STICK AGAIN.
"...WHILE THE ZOMBIES' SWORN ENEMIES, THE GOON AND HIS PAL FRANKY, ARE SAID TO HAVE THEIR HANDS IN EVERY COOKIE JAR FROM HERE TO TERRA HAUTE!"
AND SO I SAYS, "GET THAT HOT PLATE OUT OF YOUR PANTS! I AIN'T PAID FOR THAT YET!"
DID THE PARENTS PRESS CHARGES?
AND WHAT ABOUT THE GOON'S MYSTERIOUS BOSS, LABRAZIO? WHO IS THIS MAN THAT INSTILLS SUCH FE--
?
WHAM!
THIS BIT AIN'T ABOUT LABRAZIO! IT'S ABOUT THE GOON BEIN' MEAN TA FISH, SO BUGGER OFF!

"NOW GET ON WITH IT!"
HEY, IT'S MOMO.
MOMO, GET OVER HERE!
GAH!
IS HE RUNNING FROM ME?
MAIL
YEAH, I THINK HE IS.
MAIL
CRASH!
AAHH! MY NECK!
WORD HAS IT YOU WAS WITH BRICKHEAD JOHNNY LAST NIGHT, MOMO.
WHERE IS HE?!
I HAVE NO FEELING FROM THE CHEST DOWN.
YEAH, WE DON'T COTTON TA GUYS PULLIN' THE LOOPTY LOOP AND TURNIN' STINKIN' ZOMBIE ON US!
TALK, MOMO!!
PLEASE! I HAVE A NECK INJURY!
I FEEL BONE GRINDING!
I SWEAR I AIN'T SEEN JOHNNY SINCE HE TURNED ZOMBIE! I WAS PLAYIN' CARDS ALL LAST NIGHT WITH CHARLIE NOODLES! JUST ASK NORTON!
OH.
MY MISTAKE.
Ack!
THUD!

I SAW BRICK-HEAD JOHNNY JUST LAST NIGHT.
HUH?
HE WAS HANGING AROUND THE DOCKS. TRYING TO FIND PASSAGE ON A BOAT, I BELIEVE.
TRYIN' TA SKIP TOWN ON ME!
C'MON, FRANKY, WE GOT WORK!
WHY, GOD? I NEVER DID NOTHIN' TO NOBODY.
MAYBE THIS IS JUST THE LOW POINT, HUH, GOD? MAYBE BEING CONFINED TO A WHEEL-CHAIR WILL INSPIRE ME TO BECOME A FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT!
THAT'S RIGHT, GOD! IT'S ALL UPHILL FROM HERE!
SON OF A--
YES, GOON.
GO TO THE DOCKS. FISHY PETE IS WAITING.

THE DOCKS.
MMMMM, WATER CHICKEN!
GOON!
HEY!
I THINK THAT WAS HIM-- C'MON!
END OF THE LINE, JOHNNY.
WRONG!
UH... THAT AIN'T JOHNNY.
Click
WHERE'S MY MONKEY CAGE?!
FISHY PETE!

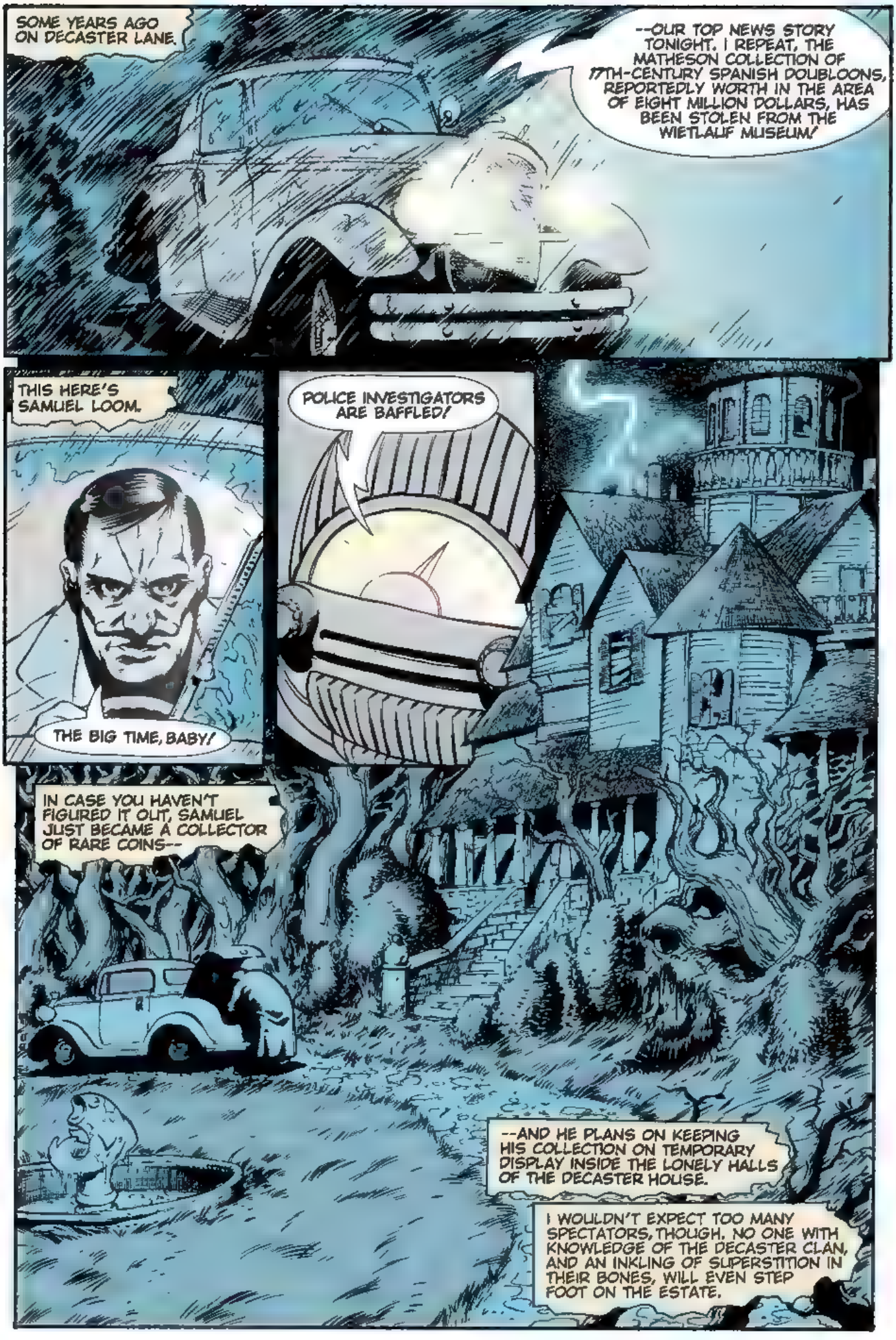
YE TOOK ME ARMS AND LEGS, GOON! FER THAT I'M TAKIN' YER ROTTIN' HIDE!
I'VE STARTED MY OWN GANG OF DEADLY FISH-MEN AND WE'RE RUNNIN' YER CORRUPTION OFF MY DOCK!
WAIT.
I NEVER STOPPED TO LOOK AT IT THROUGH YOUR EYES, PETE. YOU'RE RIGHT. WE TURN YOUR PEACEFUL PORT INTO A HAVEN FOR SEEDY TRANSACTIONS, THEN CUT YOUR LIMBS OFF. I'M APPALLED AT MY OWN ACTIONS. ALL I CAN SAY IS...
KNIFE TO THE EYE!
HA HA HA HA HA!! I LOVE THAT BIT!
POW!
KILL THEM!

I'D THROW THESE BOYS BACK, PETE.
THEY AIN'T QUITE DEADLY ENOUGH.
I SAID EAT THAT BRICK, BOY!

SEE, TOLD YOU IT WOULD FIT.
AIN'T IT THE BEE'S KNEES TA HEAR FISH SKULLS CRACKIN' AGAINST THE FINEST MACHINE-TOOLED CHROME-PLATED PIPE WRENCH 1932 TECHNOLOGY HAD TO OFFER!
GOON, YOU DIE!!
THEN C'MON, BOY! I GOT BEATIN'S TA SPARE!

YER FINISHED, GOON! YOU AND YER STINKIN' BOSS, LABRAZIO!
WHAM!
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE LABRAZIO OUTTA IT! PICK UP YER FLIPPIN' EARS!
I JUST GOT MYSELF A NEW PHOBIA.
HEY, PETE!
THUD!
FRANKY, GRAB THAT GUY WITH THE SQUID HEAD. NORTON MAKES KILLER CALAMARI.
END!

Eric
Powell


SOME YEARS AGO ON DECASTER LANE.
--OUR TOP NEWS STORY TONIGHT. I REPEAT, THE MATHESON COLLECTION OF 17TH-CENTURY SPANISH DOUBLOONS, REPORTEDLY WORTH IN THE AREA OF EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS, HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM THE WIETLAUF MUSEUM!
THIS HERE'S SAMUEL LOOM.
THE BIG TIME, BABY!
POLICE INVESTIGATORS ARE BAFFLED!
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT, SAMUEL JUST BECAME A COLLECTOR OF RARE COINS--
--AND HE PLANS ON KEEPING HIS COLLECTION ON TEMPORARY DISPLAY INSIDE THE LONELY HALLS OF THE DECASTER HOUSE.
I WOULDN'T EXPECT TOO MANY SPECTATORS, THOUGH. NO ONE WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE DECASTER CLAN, AND AN INKLING OF SUPERSTITION IN THEIR BONES, WILL EVEN STEP FOOT ON THE ESTATE.

YA SEE, THE DECASTER PATRIARCH, MR. LIONEL DECASTER, WASN'T KNOWN FOR BEING ENTIRELY SOCIABLE, DECENT, OR SANE.
MR DECASTER KEPT HIS WIFE, CHILDREN, AND GRANDCHILDREN AS PRISONERS IN THE MANSION, NEVER ONCE LETTING THEM STEP FOOT OUTSIDE--
kreeeak!
--CONSTANTLY SUBJECTING THEM TO EVERY DEPRAVITY HIS SICK MIND COULD CONCOCT.
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? HOW DID HE HAVE GRAND-CHILDREN IF HE NEVER LET HIS KIDS LEAVE THE HOUSE? THINK ABOUT IT, YOU TWIT! WE'RE DEALING WITH A REAL SICK PUPPY HERE.
BURY THIS LOOT HERE IN THE BASEMENT--
KRACK!
--AND DIG IT UP WHEN THINGS CALM DOWN.
SOME SAY THERE WERE EVEN A FEW FOURTH-GENERATION DECASTERS BORN IN THE HOUSE, BUT THEY WERE SO MALFORMED THEY DIDN'T LIVE LONG.
THWAK!

LIMF! MY BACK! I CAN'T MOVE!
ONE DAY, MR. DECASTER HAD A RUN-IN WITH ONE OF HIS GRANDDAUGHTERS WHO HAD HAD ENOUGH. HE DIED WITH A STRAIGHT RAZOR BURIED IN HIS THROAT.
BECAUSE OF THEIR MENTAL CONDITIONING, THE FAMILY WOULDN'T VENTURE OUTSIDE FOR FOOD. THE VENGEFUL GRANDDAUGHTER WAS THE FIRST TO END UP ON THE DINNER TABLE.
HOW LOVELY.
EVENTUALLY, MARCUS DECASTER, ELDEST SON OF LIONEL, STARVED TO DEATH WITH THE BONES OF HIS KIN SURROUNDING HIM.
LOCALS SAY THE FAMILY STILL WALKS THE HALLS OF THE HOUSE WITH LIONEL STILL TAUNTING AND CONTROLLING THEM.
gasp!
THEY ALSO SAY LIONEL STILL LETS NO ONE LEAVE HIS HOUSE.
AAAA

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

SPLAT!

GIK!

SPLOOSH!

HEY, NORTON, YER MA'S PLAYIN' IN MUD PUDDLES AND HANDIN' OUT CATS' EYES AGAIN.
AW FER CHRIST!
MA! GET OUT OF THE MUD! AND PUT DOWN THAT RAT! NO, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE UNCLE WALTER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, GOON?
THINK I BLEW A HEAD GASKET IN THE CHEVY AGAIN.
HOW'D YOU DO THAT?
WHEN THE LAND WAS FULL OF TURNIP TREES AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE!
WENT DOWN CRESTWOOD.
OH! GIANT SQUID.
STINKIN' MOLLUSKS! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOIN' DOWN THERE WITH A FLAMETHROWER AND THEY'LL WISH THEIR FATHERS HAD NEVER MET THEIR MOTHERS!
HEY, GOON, I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BRICKHEAD JOHNNY. WHAT'S IT WORTH TO YOU?
THAT GUY IN YER COMPLEX THAT PLAYS HIS STEREO TOO LOUD AND KEEPS STEALIN' YER PAPER... HE'LL BE DEAD BY MORNING.
COOL! THE ZOMBIES HAVE HIM SHACKED UP IN THE BACK OF SMEAGLE'S BAKERY.
HMMM.
C'MON, FRANKY... WE GOT WORK.

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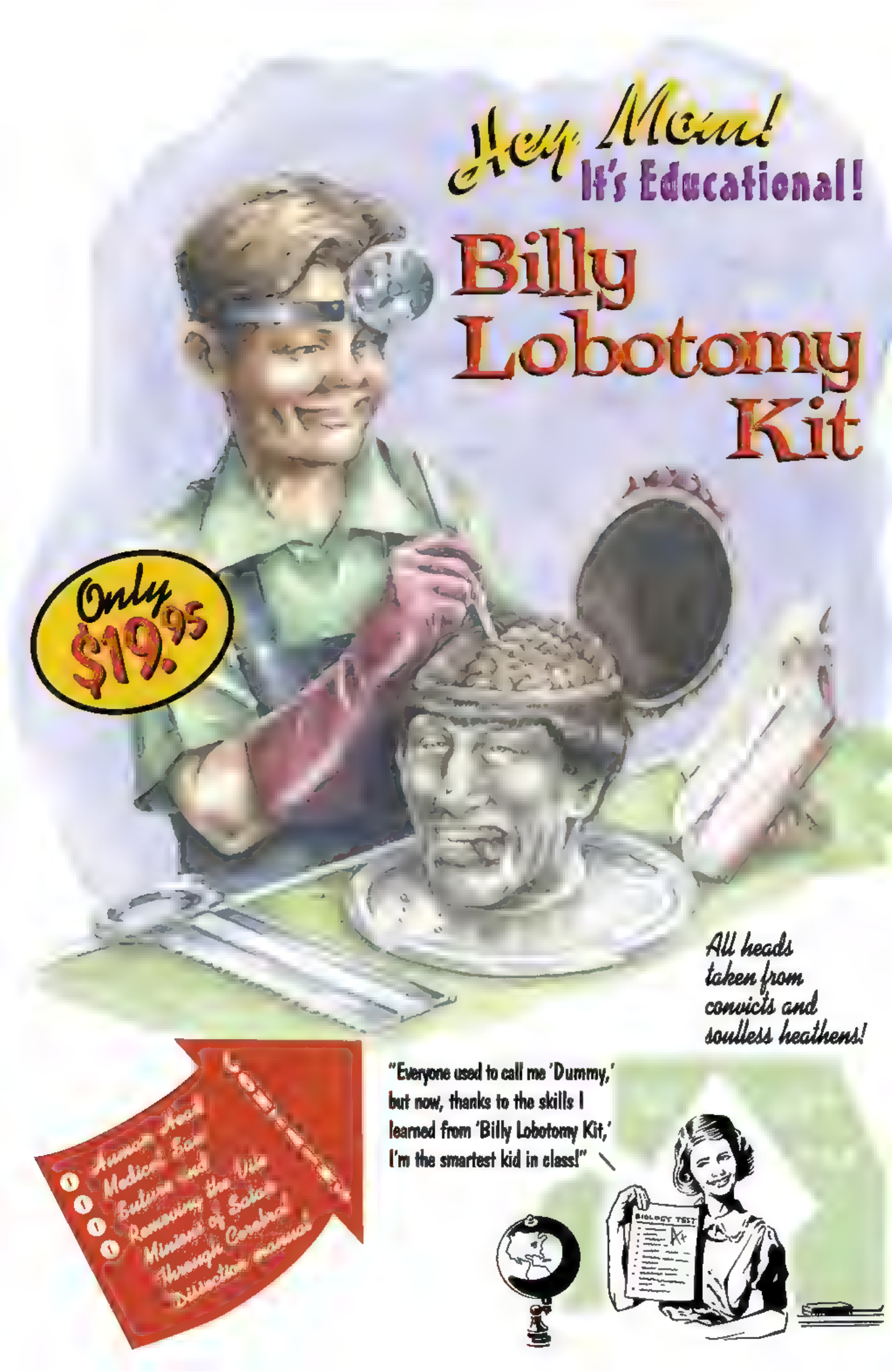

Hey Mom!
It's Educational!
Billy Lobotomy Kit
Only $19.95
All heads taken from convicts and soulless heathens!
"Everyone used to call me 'Dummy,' but now, thanks to the skills I learned from 'Billy Lobotomy Kit,' I'm the smartest kid in class!"
BIOLOGY TEST
A+

SMEAGLE'S
I'M GETTIN' SICK OF THIS... TWO WEEKS IN THIS DUMP
NO ONE EXPECTS THE SPANISH INQUISITION!
IF THE PRIEST DOESN'T SEND SOMEBODY FOR ME TOMORROW, I'M LEAVIN'. I AIN'T AFRAID OF THE GOON, NO WAY.
OUR CHIEF WEAPON IS SURPRISE, SURPRISE AND FEAR!
UMPF!
OUR TWO WEAPONS ARE SURPRISE AND FEAR AND AN ALMOST FANATICAL DEVOTION TO THE POPE!... OUR THREE WEAPONS--
GOON, YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME! IT WAS ALL THE PRIEST'S DOIN'! HE TALKED ME INTO IT!
QUICK AND NEAT OR SLOW AND MESSY?
WHATEVER FLOATS YER BOAT.

C'MON, GOON, IF YOU FORGET ABOUT THIS, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON A BIG DEAL I GOT GOIN'! C'MON, WHATTA YA SAY?!
TAK! TAK! TAK!
YOU AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' I WANT.
I KNOW WHERE THE MATHESON COLLECTION IS!!
THAT BIG-MONEY COIN COLLECTION THAT GOT SWIPED WHEN WE WAS KIDS?
THAT'S RIGHT. I'LL CUT YOU IN ON IT... BUT I GOTTA KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU.
WE WAS PALS FOR A LONG TIME, JOHNNY. YOU KNOW I'M ALWAYS STRAIGHT SHOOTIN' WITH MY PALS.
OKAY... WHEN I WAS A KID MY DAD WAS PALS WITH A SMALL-TIME HOOD NAMED SAMUEL LOOM. WHEN THOSE COINS WERE STOLEN, MY POP TOLD ME THAT SAMUEL DID IT.
AFTER THE PRIEST REANIMATED ME, ZIPPY HALLET TOLD ME HE SAW AN ABANDONED CHRYSLER IMPERIAL IN FRONT OF THE OLD DECASTER PLACE WHILE HE WAS DUMPIN' SOME GUY HE WHACKED.
ONLY ONE GUY AROUND HERE EVER HAD A CAR LIKE THAT... SAMUEL LOOM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO SAMUEL, BUT I BET HE HID THE COINS IN THAT HOUSE. BE A GOOD PLACE, TOO. EVERYONE THINKS IT'S HAUNTED.
I WAS WAITING FOR THINGS TO CALM DOWN WITH YOU AND THEN GO AFTER IT, BUT NOW...
OKAY, FRANKY. LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT.
HEY! WAIT! AIN'T YOU GONNA GET ME DOWN?! WE'RE PALS!

BANG!
I AIN'T PALS WITH NO STINKIN' ZOMBIE!!
THERE'S THE CAR HE WAS TALKIN'ABOUT. THIS IS THE PLACE... CREEPSVILLE.
FETCH THE TOOLS OUTTA THE TRUNK. NO TELLIN' WHERE IT COULD BE IN THERE.
GOOD THING I BROUGHT SANDWICHES.

LUNCH

WHATTA DUMP... REMINDS ME OF MA'S.

START LOOKIN' UNDER ANY LOOSE FLOORBOARDS. THAT'D BE A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE IT.
CLANK!
WHAT IF IT AIN'T EVEN IN HERE? WE COULD BE WASTIN' OUR TIME.
QUIT GRIPIN' AND START LOOKIN'! YOU AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' BETTER TO DO TONIGHT ANYWAY.
SURE I DO/ UMF/ I COULD BE--UMF/--DRINKIN'. OR LOOKIN' AT NUDIE BOOKS. OR--UMF/-- DRINKIN'.

CRASH!
FRANKY?!
FRANKY, WHAT HAPPENED?!
C'MON, PAL, SPEAK TO ME!
HE HAD AN ACCIDENT.
SLAP! SLAP!
HUH?!
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE.

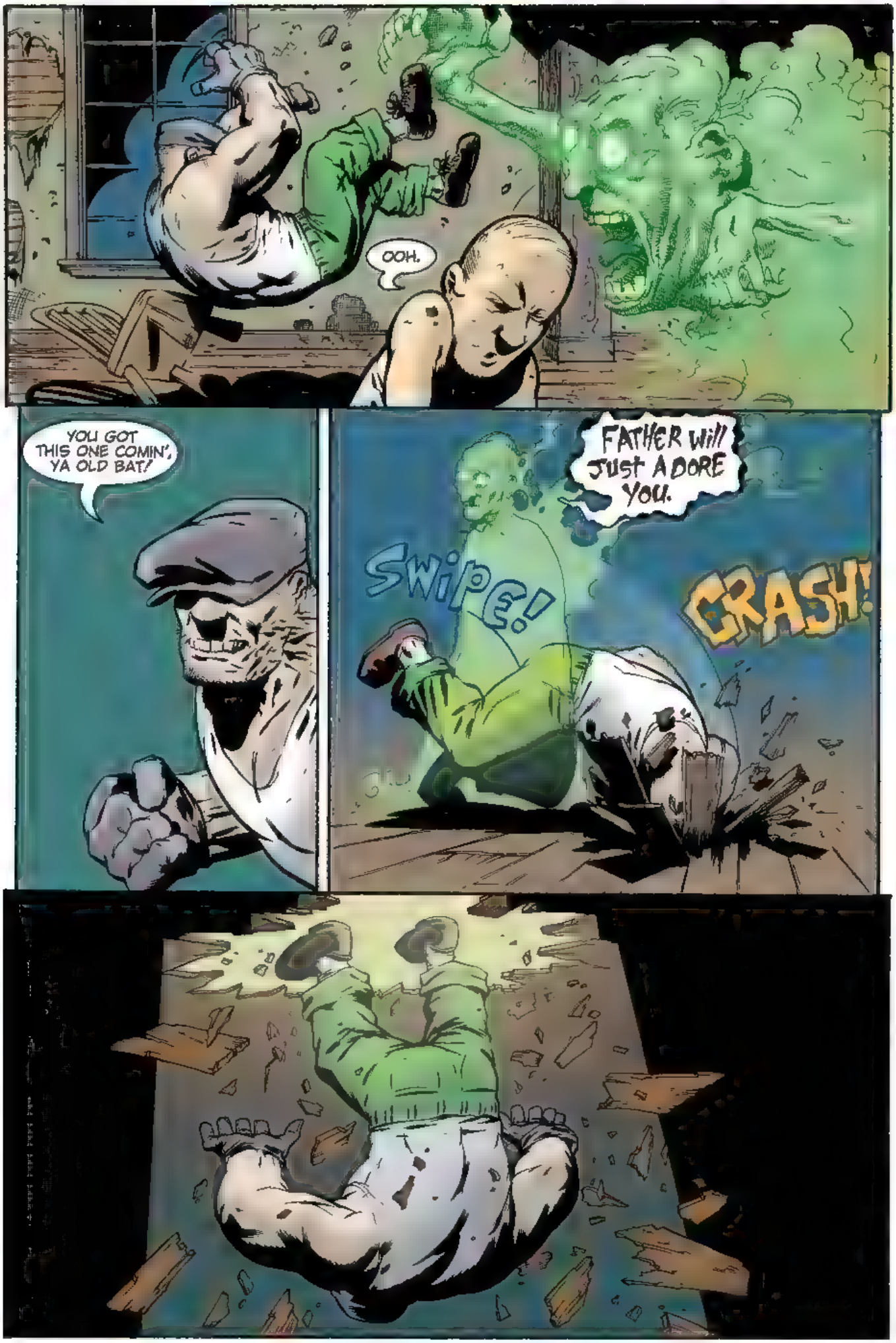
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE SOMEONE HAS COME TO PLAY WITH ME.
I'VE BEEN SO ALONE.
NONE OF THE OTHERS WILL EVER PLAY WITH ME. MY FAVORITE IS HIDE-AND-SEEK.
KID... WHO ARE YOU?
You're It!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

PLEASE STAND BY
Meegeles Pet Shop
PUPPIES UNT TOXIC CHEMICALS EQUAL MILES OF ZMILES!
UNT HERE VE HAVE A ZMALL DOG WITH DA HEAD OF A BADGER IN TO DA EYE ZOCKET!
UNT ALSO TRANSPLANTED PRIVATES OF ZA LARGE HIPPOPOTAMUS!
I VANT DA VITE GERBILS HERE. UNT DA BROWN GERBILS HERE! VE VILL HAVE NO MIXING OF DA GERBILS!!
GERBILS
GOEBBELS?! GOEBBELS?! VHERE?!
I ZED GERBILS! GERBILS!
UNT MOOKS! AAHHHHH!!
WHACK!

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO THE REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAM.
TAG! TAG! TAG!
WHATTA YA SAY WE JUST FORGET ABOUT THE LOOT AND GET OUT... FRANKY?
N-NO... I DIDN'T DO THAT!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
DO NOT DWELL IN SORROW, MY SON.
For this is your NEW HOME, AND IN ITS walls you WILL FIND SUCH JOYOUS TORMENT!

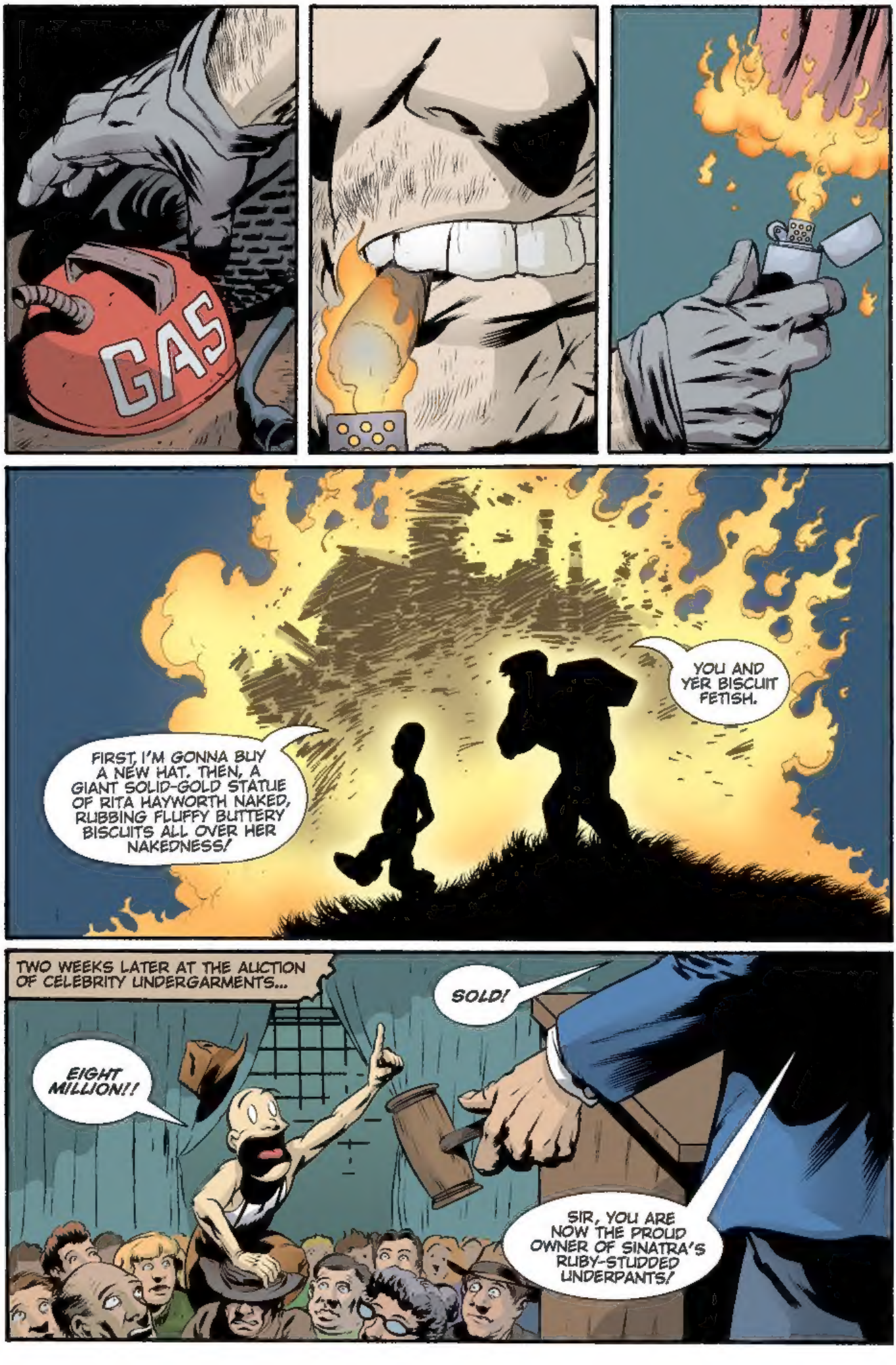

OOH.
YOU GOT THIS ONE COMIN', YA OLD BAT!
FATHER will JUST ADORE YOU.
SWIPE!
CRASH!

THUD!
THE LOOT!
FRANKY!! YOU'RE ALIVE!!
QUIET, MAN! WE'VE GOT A DELICATE SITUATION HERE! THIS SANDWICH IS SERIOUSLY PISSED!!
RIGHT.
AHHH! IT'S BITING ME! IT'S BITING ME! THE LETTUCE IS CRISP! THE LETTUCE IS CRISP!

CHILDREN, YOUR FATHER IS HOME.
JEEZ! WHAT'S WITH THE FIREWORKS OUTSIDE?!
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SANDWICH?
CHILDREN, YOU'VE BEEN NAUGHTY!
TIME FOR REPENTANCE!

BLOW, GORILLA MONSOON! WE AIN'T NO FRUIT OF YER SCREWED-UP LOINS!
FRANKY!
THUD!
YER GONNA NEED IT!
TELL ME SUMTHIN'...
HOW DO GHOSTS FEEL ABOUT CATS' EYES?!
POP!
THAT DENTAL FLOSS... IS IT CINNAMON FLAVORED?
HEY, I CAN TOUCH YOU WITH THIS!

LOONY OLD PEOPLE WHO PLAY IN THE MUD... IS THERE ANYTHING THEY DON'T KNOW?
POW!
AIN'T SO TUFF NOW, ARE YA?! YEAH, ONLY SISSIES HAVE MAYO. IF YOU WERE A REAL SANDWICH, YOU'D HAVE MUSTARD!
JANGG
BONK
KRAK
BA-DOOM
THUD
FWAP
CRUNCH
CRASH


GAS
YOU AND YER BISCUIT FETISH.
FIRST, I'M GONNA BUY A NEW HAT. THEN, A GIANT SOLID-GOLD STATUE OF RITA HAYWORTH NAKED, RUBBING FLUFFY BUTTERY BISCUITS ALL OVER HER NAKEDNESS!
TWO WEEKS LATER AT THE AUCTION OF CELEBRITY UNDERGARMENTS...
EIGHT MILLION!!
SOLD!
SIR, YOU ARE NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF SINATRA'S RUBY-STUDDED UNDERPANTS!

EMPIRE